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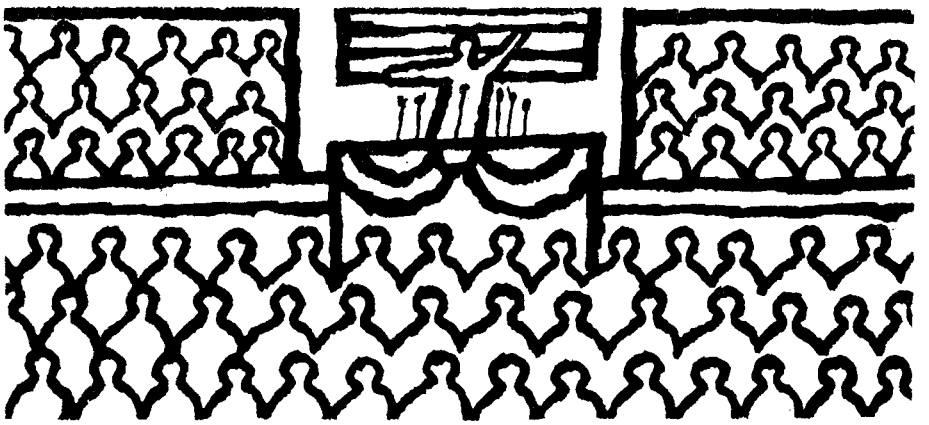

BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

The Republicans and '68

Walter Dean Burnham

PEACE AT THE HILTON

Ned O'Gorman *Peter Steinfels*

ECUMENICAL ESCALATION

Robert McAfee Brown

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CORRESPONDENCE

Catholics in College

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: Two points I like especially among Christopher Larkin's observations on Newman Centers [letter, February 26], and the two express the great theological scandals in American higher education. One is the common lack of opportunity to obtain any profound or at all general Catholic formation at non-Catholic universities. Mr. Larkin states this point bluntly and vigorously, but it could not be stated too bluntly and vigorously. The other scandal is that, as Hofstadter and Smith unwittingly show in their *American Higher Education,* many universities have effectively denied freedom to seek and to teach theological knowledge, and in this regard they lack a university and ecumenical spirit.

(REV.) LEO R. WARD

A National Paper?

Woodstock, Md.

To the Editors: John Deedy, Jr.'s article on "The Catholic Press" [COMMONWEAL, Feb. 19] set me to thinking. Is it absolutely necessary that *every* diocese in the United States, no matter how small, have its *own* diocesan newspaper, no matter how poor? Isn't there a chance for some sort of consolidation here?

I am thinking of the new *National Catholic Reporter,* which promises to be an excellent paper. Would it not be possible for a number of dioceses, especially the smaller ones, to adopt such a national newspaper as this, making it their own official diocesan paper. The *National Catholic Reporter,* although less than four months old, already exceeds in quality any number of diocesan weeklies which have been struggling on lamely for years. If a number of dioceses adopted such a national paper for their own, the circulation of the national paper would mount to really creditable proportions, with all that would mean in increased revenue through subscriptions and ads. Let's face it, a really good paper takes a fair amount of money.

I know each diocese wants to report what's going on in it, but is there really that much local news each week to justify every diocese putting out its own little paper? Most of the news in our Catholic papers in national or international anyway. And it would seem that the problem of reporting local news could easily be handled by printing an insert of two or four pages which could be added to the national paper, just as the Sunday supplements like *This Week, Parade,* etc. are inserted into our local secular papers.

ROBERT BEAUDRY

The Kearns Case

Belmont, N.C.

To the Editors: Familiarity with the facts of the Kearns case, as reported in the *Washington Post,* leaves me puzzled by John Leo's COMMONWEAL article on the subject [January 29]. While generally favorable to Kearns, the article omits some facts that support his position, and seems to soften the self-contradictory character of statements by the Georgetown administration. . . .

Mr. Leo omits facts reported in the *Washington Post* for Dec. 11, 1964, and never to my knowledge denied: A senior member of the English department had already been to see the dean of the college of arts and sciences on Kearns' behalf. According to this professor, the dean then stated that he had voted to fire Kearns because of his articles, but if Kearns really wanted to stay at Georgetown, "he would write a letter *commending his teaching* and rescinding his vote on the committee. Later, when this letter was requested, the dean, a Jesuit priest, said he could not write it." These facts were not mentioned by COMMONWEAL. . . .

Did Mr. Leo fail to notice that Father Dunne, "whose credentials as a civil-rights man are impeccable," is presently Georgetown's officer in charge of public relations? Can anyone be surprised when, from this position, he "doubts the wisdom of criticizing the University," and prefers "loyalty to the academic community"? Not that Professor Kearns' COMMONWEAL and *Ramparts* articles really display anything other than the deepest loyalty to the academic community. They are expressions of Christian concern for justice and for the effectiveness of such institutions as Georgetown. They make it quite clear, in fact, that this is exactly what is "boiling in his gut." Criticism, in any case, is not disloyalty.

Fr. Bunn, it is said, "deeply resented evidence that Kearns was taking the matter outside the academic community." Having been given contradictory explanations for his dismissal, believing, quite understandably, that he has been fired for speaking honestly and according to his conscience, and having been denied all appeal to the judgement of his professional colleagues as to his competence, Professor Kearns has turned to the ACLU and AAUP in order to get help in securing some sort of open hearing of his case. Why should a university be reluctant to grant such a hearing in the first place? Is there any reason for an institution of Georgetown's stature, devoted to the service of truth, not to conduct such affairs openly, according to the standards of freedom and faculty responsibility which are normal in the "academic community"?

GEORGE C. HERNDL
Chairman, English Department
Belmont Abbey College

"Adequate Clarification"

Belmont, N.C

To the Editors: From the facts which have appeared in print, and from experience as a Catholic college administrator in the way such issues materialize, I can only conclude that the genesis of Dr. Kearns' differences with Georgetown involved more than the usual amount of misunderstanding and failure of communication. Surely there were varying degrees of consciousness of what is now the central issue on the part of those involved at different stages of the story. But just as surely, it appears that resentment of Kearns'

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articles did influence some who entered the procedure by which the decision to dismiss him was reached.

No one, presumably, offers any serious defense of a policy of firing professors for the free expression of such opinions as Dr. Kearns'. It would, then, be welcome news to those in the academic community, and especially to friends of Georgetown and of Catholic higher education, if some adequate clarification were offered by the University.

(REV.) CUTHBERT E. ALLEN, O.S.B.
Executive Vice-President
Belmont Abbey College

Fair and Thorough

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: We would like to congratulate John Leo on the fairness and thoroughness of his article on "The Kearns Case" in the January 29 *Commonweal.* In our opinion, Mr. Leo presented both sides of a question which many of us at Georgetown find most disturbing and perplexing.

As *Stimulus,* an independent journal published by students from four Washington area Catholic colleges, pointed out, there are really two Georgetowns: one which defends the provincial and paternal attitudes of the past and another which emphasizes the more progressive and dynamic elements which hopefully will characterize Catholic education in the future. As Mr. Leo very astutely indicated, Georgetown is today in the midst of transition; the tension produced by change is nowhere more evident than in the dismissal of Dr. Kearns. While the new order was busy establishing the Georgetown University Community Action Program to help satisfy some of the manifold social needs of the Washington community, the old order had succeeded in firing Dr. Kearns, one of the men who raised his voice in protest against the former inactivity of Georgetown—and all Catholic institutions of higher learning—in the field of social welfare.

To attribute Dr. Kearns' dismissal, as did one member of the Georgetown ad-

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WHAT NEXT IN VIETNAM?

James Reston is undoubtedly correct when he says that the country has fallen into a subdued mood about Vietnam and is willing to go along with the President because "the issues now are too complex and too dangerous for snappy popular judgment." In the welter of information, misinformation and rumor, none of us can be certain that speculation or suggestions are undergirded very well with fact. Criticisms tend to be conditional. Our own would be that if the raids on North Vietnam and the landing of the Marines are intended as a prelude to negotiation, they are defensible. If not, if they are mere expressions of U.S. toughness in the absence of a coherent policy, they appear to be essentially aimless, provocative acts that can only lead to the kind of escalation it is in our interest to avoid.

Other kinds of criticism must be partial. It does not require a perfect understanding of what's going on in Vietnam, for instance, to notice how dismal the State Department's attempts to pin the major blame for the war on North Vietnam really are. Washington has presented no firm evidence that North Vietnam plays more than a minor supporting role, and still less evidence that a decision for peace on the part of Hanoi would halt the Vietcong's drive. The gap between Washington's rhetoric about North Vietnam's aggression and the amount of evidence testifying to it is embarrassing. I. F. Stone has pointed out, purely from statistics buried in the State Department's White Paper, that only 179 of the more than 15,000 weapons captured from the Vietcong in the past three years are Communist-made. Granted that the Vietcong makes a practice of garnering its weapons from the enemy, if it were being armed and directed from the North, surely the South Vietnamese and American forces would have come up with more than 179 Communist-made guns. And only 26 of the weapons were traced to North Vietnam, 24 of which were modified French weapons from the previous war.

Nor does the number of North Vietnamese guerrillas captured in battle testify to much influence from Hanoi. The appendices to the White Paper indicate that only six infiltrees have been identified as Northerners after five

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years of fighting. Nevertheless, Secretary of State Rusk assures us blandly that "the pacification of the country would be easy if the external aggression were stopped." No shred of evidence that this is so has been offered the American public. What evidence there is points the other way.

Washington's rhetoric may be excused as a normal excess on the part of one nation trying desperately to bring another to the bargaining table. But what happens when the bargaining begins? Will the U.S. have painted itself into a corner so that even if Hanoi keeps hands off—and the war continues much as before—we will be pushed into further aggression against the North merely to save face? Perhaps the gamble will pay off, and Russia and North Vietnam will be able to control the Vietcong. Perhaps not. The Vietcong is fighting for a bewildering array of reasons, very few of them ideological. It might not care to have its gains bargained away by two nations which have contributed very little and have much less to lose.

Even so, negotiations are the only intelligent course the United States can now pursue. If its protection is to remain credible throughout the world, it cannot afford a humiliating defeat. More importantly, it cannot abandon its committed allies in the South, however few they may really be, to torture and death at the hands of the Vietcong. Neither is it able to win in the South without a massive commitment of U.S. troops. To put some flesh on the word "massive," Hanson Baldwin has estimated that it might take up to a million American soldiers to do the job. Even if this is acceptable to the American people, which is incredible, it would not be to Lyndon Johnson. He remembers how, after victory proved elusive, the Korean War became "Harry Truman's War" and helped seal the fate of the Democrats in 1952. If we can't win and can't lose, only some sort of stalemate or compromise, preferably with safeguards or U.N. supervision, will prove tolerable. From the noises out of Washington this week, the feelers have been repeatedly sent out. The next step is up to the other side.

ANTI-U.S. RIOTS

Violent demonstrations against American embassies and information libraries belie the formula of peaceful coexistence. In Soviet Russia, Nasser's Egypt and Sukarno's Indonesia, such disturbances hardly take place without government connivance, less so in Africa and Latin America. In Moscow itself the latest attack on the American embassy was the third in four months. After notices had been posted in Moscow and Patrice Lumumba Universities, two thousand predominantly Asiatic and African students set upon the embassy with ice blocks, slingshots and metal bolts, ink bottles, bricks and stones. In this protest against American air raids they broke 310 windows and spattered the embassy with splotches of black, orange, blue and red.

The Soviet government has begun repairs, expressed regret and pledged greater protection in, but not prevention of, future riots. In this case five hundred Russian troops did support the police. Yet the handful arrested were immediately released to a second wave of demonstrators. What consolation can be found in the Chinese propaganda pictures of Soviet soldiers and police battling against pro-Vietcong students in order to defend a major American embassy?

Moscow fails to provide even the minimum protection agreed to in the 1961 Vienna Convention on Diplomatic Relations. The American embassy has had to devise a regular procedure for impending assaults. Plywood panels in ground-floor windows catch the flying glass; offices and apartments are evacuated up to the sixth floor. Such is the routine in authoritarian Moscow for the representatives of a nation with which the Soviets purportedly have friendly relations. This is at one and the same time an affront to the United States and an otherwise comparatively innocuous method for the Soviets to manifest antagonism to American policies.

PUBLISH OR PERISH

At one time or another, almost every university goes through the traumatic experience of seeing a popular and respected teacher eased out, or fired, by obscure administrative decisions. The recent case at Yale, where an assistant professor of philosophy was denied tenure despite praise by his students and initially unanimous endorsement of his departmental colleagues, is just a well-publicized instance of an increasingly common occurrence. Naturally, the Yale administration did not reveal the reasons for its actions (administrations never do) but one part of the picture was clear enough: the professor in question had not published a sufficient number of books and articles. "Publish or perish," that time-worn slogan of nervous academics, had once again proved to be no delusion.

But if the slogan has been around for decades, it has of late taken on a new bite. There was a time, and not long ago, when even the best universities could manage to retain professors who were known to be effective teachers. Often enough, in fact, those professors most remembered by students were precisely the ones who had no special professional "name." They were remembered because they put students before research, lectures before publications, bull-sessions before scholarly isolation. And they got away with this because teaching was considered important.

Just why this is less true today is not altogether clear, but it is not hard to discern some contributing causes. Among them are: an intensification of competition among large universities for government and foundation grants; a growing trend among universities to "raid" each other's faculties for lustrous names; the desire of many professors to win the many lucrative fellowships and grants now available (particularly in the sciences) for those with a

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strong publication record; the tendency among students themselves to see their undergraduate work only as a means of preparing for more specialized training; the impersonality of many large universities which makes it difficult in the first place for teachers to initiate or sustain any personal relationship with their students.

In short, there are fewer and fewer tangible rewards for the academic who emphasizes teaching rather than publication. He does not help his university win grants. He does not stand much chance of getting them for himself. He is not likely to be sought by other institutions. And even if he tries to teach well, the very size of his classes and of the university may hinder his efforts or, if he is successful, hide them from view of those who will decide on his academic fate.

There are a number of ways these trends could be reversed, though there is at the moment little hope that they will be. Those who have money could give more of it to the many smaller colleges where teaching is still important, thus insuring their survival and quality. University administrators could resist the publication test as the decisive criterion of a man's competence; and that would mean, of course, worrying less about the competitive standing of their university. Professors, particularly younger professors, could demand to know before they accept a job exactly what a university will require of them. Finally, students could, as did many students at Yale, simply howl and shout and picket narrow administrators. This is hardly a happy solution, but when everything else fails what other choice is there?

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WASHINGTON REPORT

THE JOHNSON OVERSELL

President Johnson is running what may be termed the rhetoric risk. His messages to Congress on domestic programs are set forth in eloquent phrases and in comprehensive terms.

In asking Congress for his housing and urban affairs program on March 2, for example, Mr. Johnson declared: "The city is not an assembly of shops and buildings. It is not a collection of goods and services. It is a community for the enrichment of the life of man. It is a place for the satisfaction of man's most urgent needs and his highest aspirations. It is an instrument for the advance of civilization. Our task is . . . to create and preserve the sense of community with others which gives us significance and security, a sense of belonging and of sharing in the common life."

Were he alive today, St. Thomas Aquinas could scarcely place housing legislation in a more splendid philosophical context. Indeed, the passage cited is followed by a quotation from Aristotle. ("Men come together in cities in order to live. They remain together in order to live the good life.")

Everyone recognizes that Mr. Johnson does not write these sentences or search out these classical quotations. (Among others, this is done by Richard Goodwin, a brilliant young Harvard Law School graduate who was one of President Kennedy's principal speechwriters and who has now returned full-time to the White House.) But a man's taste in speechwriters tells something significant about the man. In this instance, Mr. Johnson's fondness for soaring, ambitious prose matches his expansive operating style. He likes to promise everybody something and to dream aloud, admittedly more often in the language of the Snopes family than of Aristotle, about the wonderful future that is a-coming. As a Texan and an heir to that state's neo-Populist traditions, he is a natural master of the America-is-a-great-big-wonderful-barbecue school of politics.

How much of all this is to be taken seriously? Presuming Mr. Johnson is in office for the next four years or even the next eight, when he departs will the West Side of Manhattan or the South Side of Chicago be a true community satisfying man's most urgent needs and highest aspirations? Will Appalachia blossom in rebirth or still be a rural slum? Will America's rivers be restored to their former clean, sparkling condition or still be open sewers? Will every American child be receiving an education worthy of his talents? Will every old person be living out his or her life in security and dignity? And what about the "war" on poverty, the "war" on crime, and all the others wars, declared or about to be declared, by Mr. Johnson as commander-in-chief and master of ceremonies for the Great Society?

These questions are worth raising, not to arouse an unhealthy cynicism about the President's intentions, but to call attention to the risk he is incurring when he pitches every program on the highest possible level. If he sells every legislative proposal hard and oversells many of them, he may fairly soon provoke public disillusionment and disbelief.

If Mr. Johnson had a commitment to social reform and if he were a reformer by temperament, the risk would be much less. But he has not the stern dedication of Woodrow Wilson leading the nation to a "new freedom" or the radical spirit of Franklin D. Roosevelt challenging the "nine old men" on the Supreme Court or vetoing a tax bill because "it helped the greedy, not the needy." Mr.

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Johnson has his own hawklike impulses but his public approach to the institutions and interest groups of our society is invariably dove-like. He believes in consensus, not conflict. The barbecue school of politics is not based on any belief in redistributing wealth or disturbing anyone's existing privileges; rather, it presupposes there is enough meat, and gravy, too, for everyone at the tables. It is obviously a conception of politics that could only flourish in a country such as the United States where the supply of land and wealth seemed limitless and there was an equally boundless faith in the future. More static and more impoverished societies do not produce Huey Longs ("Every man a king") or Lyndon Johnsons proclaiming the early arrival of the Great Society.

If economic growth dissolved all problems, the President would be in the clear. But, of course, even a constantly rising Gross National Product does not dispose of all questions of justice in a society. It may make the rich richer at a much faster rate than it makes the poor less poor. Or it may also produce serious complications that only new government controls can bring into some decent order. Thus, the more automobiles that are manufactured the more prosperous are the auto companies of Detroit but the worse becomes the nation's air pollution. The more industry expands into what was once green and open countryside the more water is used and the sooner our rivers are converted into sewers. As the population grows in number and in wealth, the more suburbs are built. This makes the land speculators and the real estate developers wealthy, but unplanned suburbs produce a whole new range of problems of their own.

The Drawbacks

Because President Johnson's legislative programs are keyed to never-ending economic expansion, they have two potential defects which may seriously militate against his reaching the Great Society goals he has set. First, the programs are started on a small scale. The expectation is that they will expand as the economy expands because a growing economy generates rising tax revenues which make it possible to increase government expenditures without the painful necessity of raising tax rates. But this often means postponing until the 1970's or later the really comprehensive programs that are needed. Children in city slum schools are receiving less than adequate education right now; commuter railroad service is collapsing right now; every major river system in the nation is already polluted; some persons are slowly dying of emphysema and other lung ailments because the air is already so badly polluted; and still other persons are living in squalor and despair in Appalachia and other rural slums right now. To wait for economic expansion gradually to finance programs to remedy these conditions means waiting until it will be too late for today's ill-educated children and impoverished oldsters. It means that correcting them will be much more costly because they will have intensified and worsened with the passage of time.

The second defect of the Administration programs is that they are designed to evade rather than confront the hard issues. The housing bill is an example. All housing programs have traditionally been a mixture of subsidies for private builders and of public housing, housing for the aged, middle-income housing, and other special programs for the disadvantaged in society. With remarkable ill-grace, the private builders have consistently opposed public housing and similar socially-oriented programs as "socialism" while eagerly grasping the far larger subsidies for their own activities. After twenty years of this uneasy compromise, our central cities are still in serious difficulties while they have become ringed by suburbs that are often atrociously ugly, waste land, and lack sufficient recreational, transportation, and other facilities. The President's new housing program consists of the same old mixture. The development of the suburbs remains in the hands of the often rapacious and careless private builders. The low-income groups in the cities will remain inadequately housed. Nothing could change this situation except a head-on attack on the private builders in order to impose much more rigorous standards of construction, land use, and "new town" planning. Similarly, an assault could be mounted on the big city slumlords by way of the tax laws. But under consensus politics, the private developers and the slumlords are genially regarded as the government's partners in progress.

Similarly, water pollution has been a subject of federal legislation since 1948 but very little effective anti-pollution work has been accomplished. This is partly because the Public Health Service has principally administered the program. But PHS traditionally has always worked with the state and local health officers. To control pollution effectively would mean coercing these officials with whom the PHS in all its other work cooperates.

A clean-water bill is part of the Administration's program. If it passes, the President will undoubtedly claim it as one of his major legislative accomplishments. Yet it will leave the pollution problem about where it is today. The best that can be said for the bill is that it prepares the ground for effective action at some indeterminate time in the future. What it does is transfer water pollution control from the PHS to a newly-created Assistant Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. He presumably will be more aggressive in combating pollution. The bill also empowers the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to set standards of purity for interstate rivers, but it does not give him any substantial added authority to enforce such standards. The industries that are chiefly responsible for water pollution oppose this bill as an invasion of local responsibility. One can only speculate as to what protests they would make if the Administration proposed legislation that would really effectively curb them.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

MEN OF PEACE

Two priest-friends, one a Jesuit and the other a Josephite, recently were in the news for signing a "declaration of conscience" pledging complete non-cooperation with American prosecution of the war in Vietnam. Joining Dorothy Day, Linus Pauling, Bayard Rustin and about five hundred others, the priests were the brothers Berrigan, Father Daniel, S.J., a poet and theologian, and Father Philip, S.S.J., a writer and college professor.

The Fathers Berrigan are the first priests publicly to disavow the war in Vietnam, and I am sure their act will bring down plenty of fall-out. There is no tradition for this sort of action by priests in this country, and I suppose some bishops will be unhappy over the business. For my part, I could not join the brothers Berrigan in signing the statement, but nonetheless I honor them for doing what they have done.

I suppose this makes me sound like a pacifist, but I'm not. I am unable to deny to the state the right to use force if necessary to protect the common good, and I think it wrong to let evil triumph. At the same time, though, it must be emphasized that war can be waged only for a just cause and by just methods. Sometimes it seems as if such concepts are forgotten by everyone except the pacifists, and I honor them for prodding the conscience of society in this matter.

Week in and week out, we live under the shadow of the Bomb, usually without giving the question much thought. This has been true in a wide sense since we demonstrated what the Bomb could do at Hiroshima in 1945; it has been true in a more particular sense since the Russians, and now the Chinese, showed us there is no secret about the thing. Occasionally, though, a clear Christian protest at this state of affairs can rouse us from our lethargy, and it's my hope that the stand taken by the Fathers Berrigan *et al.* will do precisely that. One may, of course, disagree with the specifics of their statement, as I do, but this is not the central point: the central point is that they have done what most needs doing, and that is to insist on the relevancy of morality to the question of national policy and war. In this I think they are in the best Christian tradition.

The Christian tradition has always sought to contain hatred, to restrain violence, to "civilize" warfare. Do not the times when the fighting stopped on holy days seem idyllic when compared with our own almost total lack of restraint? Yet today this idea of putting limits on violence strikes many people as strange. It is for this reason that the duty of bearing Christian witness in this matter is so important.

A frightening number of people are ready to say that no limits can be set on violence once resort is had to armed force. Such thinking represents a relapse into barbarism—barbarism against which the Church resolutely set her face, at least until modern times. We tend to ignore the fact that mass warfare fought with mass armies is a modern phenomenon, and that this change has helped immeasurably to promote the idea of total war. It is this concept, this fact, which is the abomination; it is this which has shattered the Christian tradition of civilized warfare. Only the moral leadership of people like the Fathers Berrigan will help us recapture that tradition.

Once upon a time some limitations on warfare were almost automatic, if only because of man's technological limitations. Today these restrictions are almost gone. Now only men's free decisions can impose limitations on the use of force. In an all-out war, literally hundreds of millions of people would die immediately from nuclear blast and heat. Other millions would be condemned to slow death from radioactive contamination or starvation. Imagine what life would be like after the bombs fell; nuclear war would mean a world, as someone once phrased it, in which the living would envy the dead.

I am not saying the problem is simple. There *are* the Communists, and a government like ours has a terrible responsibility. It must keep the world from being destroyed, yet it must also keep it from falling into the hands of the Communists. Our leaders deserve our sympathy and our prayers. Nonetheless, there are certain basic things I think one can say, while granting the terrible complexity of the situation.

Our problem is to make morality relevant in the modern world. In total war no holds are barred; it completely eliminates the distinction between combatant and noncombatant and constitutes a flat denial that the aims of war and the use of force are limited by moral principles. We must therefore begin, I am convinced, by banning the mentality of total war.

To some, I suppose, this may not seem a giant step, but I think Americans should consider how far we have in the past gone down the road to total war. Consider, for example, our obliteration bombing in World War II; the terrible fire bombing carried out against Tokyo and Dresden and other enemy cities; the use of the A-bomb against the civilian populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And we who are Catholic must ask ourselves: where were the Bishops and theologians and just plain Christians then? I hope this is a question to which critics of the Fathers Berrigan will first turn their attention. JAMES O'GARA

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BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

The Republicans and '68

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM

American party politics is encrusted with a good many traditional rituals. One of the more important of these is that after a presidential race the defeated party undertakes a good deal of housecleaning. The intensity of the efforts to reorganize is closely related to the intensity of recent intra-party feuds and the extent to which they have been exacerbated by the unsuccessful campaign itself. An American political party bears at least one similarity to the Russia Lenin described in 1917: in both cases power lies on the ground for anyone to pick up, and in both cases the trick is not to acquire it but to hold onto it once it has been seized. For the American political party is a remarkably porous structure of human relationships—one which lends itself to penetration by skilful and determined minorities, but which provides very little organizational leverage for perpetuating them in power if they fail to produce victory at the polls.

Certainly Barry Goldwater and his followers sought consciously and deliberately to overcome this traditional norm of American politics. It was clearly intended that Dean Burch and John Grenier would continue in charge at the Republican National Committee even though Goldwater lost the election, and that the functions of the Committee itself would undergo significant modification as it became the citadel of Goldwaterite organization and propaganda. But the norm has prevailed, at least for the time being.

Burch and Grenier are gone from the Committee leadership, and Ray Bliss of Ohio, who is not identified with any faction in the party, has taken charge as Chairman. In the House of Representatives a "new look" in Republican leadership emerged as Charles Halleck was replaced by a younger Minority Leader, Gerald Ford of Michigan. Ford, for his part, suffered a major setback in his first attempt to lead when House Republicans rejected his bid to replace GOP Whip Leslie Arends of Illinois by Peter Frelinghuysen of New Jersey.

What significance do these changes have in shaping the near future of the Republican party? In the first place, the National Committee changes tend to confirm the proposition that American national parties are still too feebly organized at the center to permit continuous control by an ideological faction in the absence of practical victory at the polls. In more ways than one, it is arguable that no such thing as a national Republican or Democratic party really exists. In the absence of control of the Presidency, the loosely confederate nature of the 50 state parties—which, organizationally speaking, is nearly all an American party amounts to—comes clearly into focus.

Underlying Problems

To be sure, there are certain indications that the organizational structure of both parties is becoming more tightly organized at the center. The revival of the Democratic caucus in the House, and the change in that body's rule structure, may well be an omen of increasing centralization. Goldwater's ability to broaden the base of political contributions to include about a million small-scale givers was also indicative of a possible shift in party financing. Even so, a long distance must yet be traveled before the kind of control which Burch and Grenier obviously had in mind can be effectively institutionalized in either of our parties.

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Secondly, despite the soothing words of unity and harmony which have poured forth from all kinds of Republicans since Burch bowed to the inevitable, the basic problems confronting the GOP have remained essentially unchanged. The first of these apparently intractable realities is the internecine factionalism which has debilitated it ever since the great schism of 1912. Pushed to the point of rupture by the San Francisco convention last year, this factionalism remains the basic fact of internal political life with which all Republican leaders must contend.

The Eastern liberals, who were virtually read out of the party last July, have in no sense recovered their previous influence within it as yet. It is especially suggestive, for instance, that the successful drive to oust Burch was led not by an Eastener but by Governor Smylie of Idaho, a man who is neither "liberal" nor addicted to losing elections in a righteous cause. Moreover, the actual extent of concession to liberal-Republican sentiment in the changes which have occurred is quite small. Bliss has been so acceptable to the Goldwater faction that it actively supported him for the chairmanship several years ago. Ford may be more glamorous than Halleck, but the voting records of the two men in the House are virtually indistinguishable. Moreover, the outcome of the battle between Arends and Frelinghuysen not only acutely embarrassed the new Minority Leader, but was in effect a vote of confidence in an early and ardent Goldwater supporter. Once again a major leadership position was left in conservative Midwestern hands.

For their part, the Goldwaterites—whose refusal after the New Hampshire primary to follow the norms of ordinary party politics was a key factor in their success at San Francisco—are not in the mood to give up their cause as lost. Goldwater's 38.7% showing in November was not quite bad enough, one suspects, to act as a permanent deterrent to future experiments along the same lines. In any event, neither the liberals nor the Goldwaterites will be likely in the immediate future to support the other faction's candidates with any enthusiasm. If San Francisco should be repeated in 1968, the erstwhile "presidential Republicans" might very well break with the party altogether—or, rather, come to recognize that the party has broken with them. But if an "Eastern Establishment" candidate should win nomination, a rightist bolt from the party might very well materialize.

The Hard Core

Public-opinion analysts have estimated that Goldwater's support in November included about 6,000,000 who were ideologically committed, 19,000,000 tradition-directed Republican voters who supported him because he was the GOP nominee, and about 2,000,000 formerly Democratic Southern voters who joined him largely on the race issue. But this latter gain was more than overcome by the 8,000,000 normally Republican voters who responded to his nomination by voting for Johnson.

In this disastrous context, the basic task confronting a party already heavily in the minority is to find a formula or a candidate which can keep the six million on the far right and the eight million on the left in the same camp. The only likely prospect for this is to be found in following the policy of the "least common denominator." Pursuing this strategy, the GOP would select a candidate and adopt a platform considerably to the right and west of the 1940-60 era, but to the left and north of the 1964 fiasco. The Bliss-Ford-Arends leadership structure appears to fit well into such a strategy. The likely beneficiaries in 1968 would be men like Richard Nixon.

But such a strategy obviously has its limitations. Attention to technical matters of party organization—of which Bliss is universally regarded as a past master—is no substitute for the discussion of issues. An orthodox Midwestern Republican conservatism may go a long way toward unifying the party, but it seems almost certain to be deficient in formulating the kinds of issue appeals which can win over independent voters—or even, perhaps, a good many Eastern moderate Republicans who are thoroughly disenchanted in the wake of 1964. The kinds of candidates who can formulate such appeals are clearly associated with the liberal wing of the party, as they demonstrated so strikingly at the polls last November. But most of such candidates as are now visible are not only unacceptable to the Goldwaterite hard core, but to many orthodox party professionals as well. Thus one is left with a "middle-of-the-road" approach which seems destined to produce only losers at the polls, barring some major dislocation at home or abroad.

Minority Party

A second major problem confronting the GOP reorganizers is closely connected with this factionalism, and has in part grown out of it. The Republican Party has been suffering for the past generation from a significant erosion of its mass base of support. Since 1940, if the Gallup Poll is at all accurate, the balance between those who identify themselves as Republicans and Democrats has shifted from nearly 50-50 to a two-to-one ratio favoring the Democrats. If one looks not only at the extraordinary results of 1964, but at the results of each election year from 1958 to the present, it seems reasonably clear that the Democratic party has become the "normal" majority party in the non-Southern states far more solidly than it was even during the New Deal era.

What this long-term trend seems to mean is that the new voters enter the political system overwhelmingly as Democrats and, as the older generation of voters dies off, the result is a decline in the relative share of Republican party identifiers in the electorate. This seems but another way of saying that the GOP is becoming less and less relevant to the central issues and concerns of American politics in the last half of the century.

If Republican party leaders believe that this situation has arisen from popular misconception of the party's purposes

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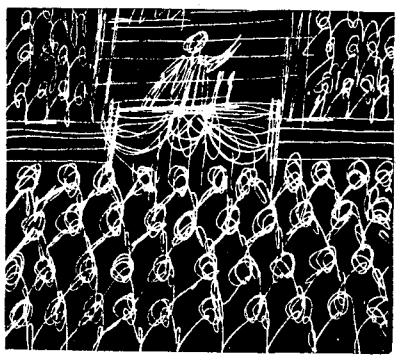
or a "false image" of the GOP, and that it can be corrected by a technical operation aimed at "better organization" and "creating a better image," they deceive themselves. This trend is a function of the party's persistent unwillingness or incapacity to come to terms with the contemporary political world at home or abroad. Perhaps more precisely, in a political alignment marked by Republican exclusion from the responsibilities of executive power for all but eight of the last 32 years, it is the Congressional Republican "image" which dominates the GOP scene.



Before 1964, it was possible to argue that Congressional Republicanism overstated the backward-looking character of the party and overemphasized its devotion to the most retrograde forces in American life. Even then the image was hardly a "false" one. But now we are confronted with the 1964 nomination, and it is difficult to argue otherwise than that there is something very wrong with a major party which could offer such a candidate to the American people. The "image," at the moment, is only too true to life.

There are, to be sure, promising signs of life among the more responsible Republicans: Robert Taft, Jr., for instance, has called for an interim party convention to reorient the platform and move the GOP out of the Goldwaterite ditch; the Ripon Society, centered in the northeastern university community, has been at work issuing reports on the 1964 election and urging a realignment of party policy; several major committees of progressive Republicans have been set up for largely the same purpose. Even so, in the political context as it now stands Ray Bliss' devotion to "better organization" as a substitute for issue-formulation seems unlikely to produce the same results nationally as in Ohio. To roll-back the "image" of Goldwater Republicanism ascendant would be something, of course; but how much will be gained if what appears after the roll-back is the same old congressional Republicanism with which we are already so familiar?

The Extremists

The last major problem with which Republicans must continue to wrestle is the problem of the Radical Right. Many factors unquestionably entered into Goldwater's nomination: the utter lack of foresight among most of the Eastern leadership, the sense that Johnson was sure to win in any event, the bankrolling of rightist candidates which has been provided by the "new"—and insecure—money of the South and Southwest. Even so, it seems more than likely that the long-term erosion of Republican support and party-identification helped to pave the way for the takeover at San Francisco. Moreover, this erosion—accelerated as it was in 1964—has probably significantly increased the GOP's *long-run* vulnerability to right-wing penetration, both locally and nationally.

A kind of vicious cycle appears to have been at work in recent years. First the Republican party, preoccupied with what Samuel Lubell has called the "politics of nostalgia," suffers loss of support among the more moderate and progressive elements in the electorate. Then many of the obsolescent components, increasingly heavily represented in the GOP, become radicalized as perceived domestic and foreign pressures on their way of life increase. Eventually these radicalized elements score a breakthrough in the Party's presidential nominating machinery. Finally this breakthrough dramatically accelerates the alienation of progressive and moderate elements from the party and drastically thrusts its center of political gravity to the right.

What is the next chapter in the story? The answer to this question will turn in large part on the answers to two others. (1) To what extent was 1964 a critical election? In other words, will a portion of the massive 1964 defections from the GOP become permanent; and if so how great a proportion will this be and among what elements of former Republican voters will it be concentrated? (2) Will the inevitable tensions and pressures of the immediate future further promote the spread of radical-right ideology among the conservative elements in the population, or did this reach a peak with the 1964 election?

Of course, no definitive answer to these questions can be given now. But there appear to be grounds for supposing that a significant part of the 1964 Republican losses will become permanent defections, and that the Radical Right will continue to grow and feed upon the accelerating tensions of our politics as we move from the 1960's to the 1970's. Here is the heart of the dilemma which confronts not only the Republican leadership cadres but the American political system as a whole.

Even if the answers to these two questions were entirely positive—even if the losses of 1964 were wholly temporary and the Radical Right should now proceed to diminish as a major force in our political life—it might well take decades to complete the task of so reorienting the GOP to public policy alternatives that must be dealt with in the here-and-now that it could once again play a relevant and competitive role in our party system. To the extent that the answers to these questions contain negative elements, the task of constructive rebuilding will be made that much more difficult and the likelihood of pathological developments within the party system itself will be that much more enhanced. In the wake of Burch's ouster, men cry peace, peace. Their cries seem at the least to be premature.

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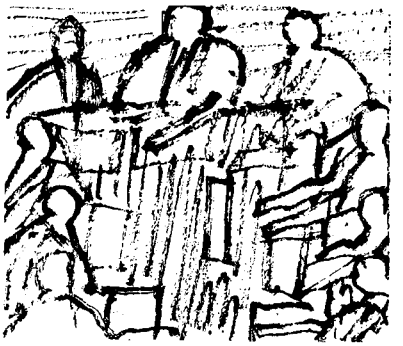

PEACE AND PATHOS

A gathering of men of good will

NED O'GORMAN

The pathos struck me at the opening ceremony of the convocation, held with due ritual and seriousness, at the United Nations on the 17th of February. An assembly of the powerful were there: U Thant, Hubert Humphrey, Adlai Stevenson and Alex Quaison-Sacky. They said the things good diplomats say about peace and the audience, primed for inspiration, heard them and applauded. It was a gentle audience: scholars, nuns, priests, editors, pacifists, economists, historians and teachers. They dressed simply, walked and talked with each other in mild imperatives about the state of the tragic world and were seriously pleased, as I was, with the spectacle of two thousand people attending, under the sponsorship of Robert Hutchins and the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, to the nature of peace and the preservation of its perilous life.

This bias toward pathos that obsessed me then, and for the duration of the convention, was an intricate one. It was not born of cynicism, despair or flippant disrespect for the good men who arranged the convocation. Hutchins and the Center are impeccable in their devotion to all that is fine in the intellectual life. Could it have been, that as we began to study the "requirements for peace" set out in Pope John's encyclical *Pacem in Terris,* the world was in the throes of a mock death agony: the war in Vietnam, riots in Brooklyn, violence in Selma and talk in the air of the possibility of nuclear war. The day after the conference opened the U.N. recessed until September, unable to solve a problem of payments. Secretary of Defense McNamara announced on the morning of the second day that 2½ million people, Russian and American, would die in the first exchange of an atomic war. Outside the demon of the sovereign nation-state pursued its vision of power and growth, mindless, I felt, of every good intention of the most enlightened statesmen. The brutal and primitive cycle of power that is the life of the state ground on, though to a man, the convocation made it clear that sovereignty, in the classical sense, was obsolete. Then there was the lament for the U.N. Men spoke of it as a father might speak of an errant son on an ultimate escapade. In the eyes of the father he was still a winner.

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"All-Out Peace"

The pathos was ontological. The convocation called into question the whole fabric of existence. The nature of man was examined, not merely the nature of power; the structure of being was the object of that high level meditation, not just the problem of co-existence and nuclear destruction. I listened to a gathering that tried to arrive at a new definition of morality, evil, good and diplomacy under the careful eye of television cameras, photographers and Pinkerton detectives. Could all that publicity have put a certain fear into the hearts of some of the speakers who found that they could not speak as freely as they wished in such a glare of light and in the crush of 300 members of the press? But somehow I could not think that either the citizenry or the governments of the men who spoke cared a whit for such proposals for this new city of man; and nothing less than that was proposed. The world still in the grip of the old morality of the absolute sovereign, nation-state was not likely to think long on

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such a circus of Alice-in-Wonderland dreams and counter dreams.

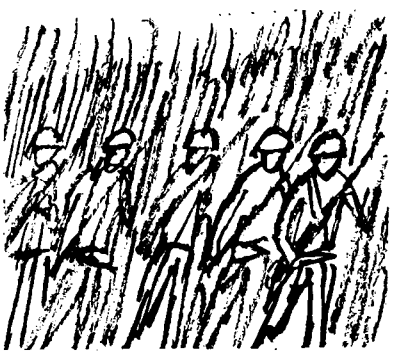
The pathos was increased too by what was said. I heard that it was "imperative we co-exist" and that "we wage peace on all-out bases." I was told that "to divide morality from politics was disaster" and that we "had to combat with our heart, bigotry, un-reason and narrow partisanship." "We must," they said, "persevere in the pursuit of peace, limit the arms race and believe that the politics of hope are better than the politics of despair." Abba Eban, the Deputy Prime Minister of Israel, found diplomacy still conducted on a local level when the time demanded it be conducted on a universal level. "How," he asked, "does a state join together the notions of political identity and universal solidarity?" Dr. Adam Schaff, a Polish Communist, spoke with deadly accuracy about the universe of separate ideologies and their struggle for survival. Stanley K. Sheinbaum called America, Russia and Communist China, "vigilantes" who felt obligated to react too often with force to every political movement on the face of the earth. They spoke of world law, the exportation of counter-revolution—H. Stuart Hughes thought perhaps America was guilty of that in South Vietnam—and the means governments might use to determine if an act is aggressive.

And so it went. The convocation a beautiful event, but I found it too to be a dream. I heard the words of wisdom but I did not sense anywhere the spirit of an historical or moral vision to make that wisdom actual. Judge Zafrulla Khan spoke of that ontological paradox that would somehow join into a life-giving, peaceful, international political power structure, individual independent states, each state's independence modified by the larger community of states so that the weak could be protected from the powerful, the poor from the rich and the good from the evil. Although everyone agreed that the absolute sovereign state was obsolete, no one quite knew what kind of a state would be brought into existence when sovereignty disappeared.

No Religious Context

Ideas had no source. Ideas had no cosmos. The trouble? Could it be that the fact it was not a religious convocation—Hutchins made it clear that it was "deliberately secular"—tended to make it in fact a political rally where the best men that could be found advanced their most advanced ideas, with neither their governments' policies to back them up or the force of a theology or the consensus of a citizenry to give their "schemes" for peace moral or historical force? They were discussing ideas of good and evil but there was no persuasion in the political or moral cosmos of that convention to hallow them and give them meaning. Force, aggression, co-existence, negotiation, disarmament, the words the convocation drew on for its life, each day grew vaguer and vaguer, lost in a rush of words and platitudes, moral lushness and rambling debate.

Ought I have found it curious that there was no Catholic there to set out the encyclical's moral, juridical, theological and historical shape? Hutchins feared what he called "panclericalism" and banned all clergy but he banned too any structure, any form to the debates on the nature of good, evil and survival. I think of this out of no reason of party loyalty or piety. The presence of the great Pope's spirit made one pleased that in this century of bungling clerics the greatest churchman of modern times had found some public celebration. The convocation harkened to *Pacem in Terris* the way a man harkens back to the purpose of a testimonial dinner, a purpose lost in a maze of tribute. The only intellectual and spiritual reality the convocation possessed was used as a password for some rather badly written and half-thought out speeches on whatever certain good men chose to say about peace. I had heard, I kept thinking, everything before, but with far more conviction, in a bar.



The secret of the convocation's success and failure was in the assays the speakers made on the definition of power and everyone there was speaking ultimately of power. But Communist China (and to a lesser degree Cuba and the Berlin Wall), that historical fact most pertinent to the content of *Pacem in Terris* and to the implications of sovereignty and power, was ignored.

The convocation ended and A. J. Muste, the brave American pacifist of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, had to forego his place on the last panel since he was carted off to jail on Saturday morning for taking part in a peace vigil in front of the Hilton. He had joined a picket line as its 26th member; the New York police force had set a limit of 25. A. J. saw it as an infringement of civil liberties and protested. Henry Luce, who chaired that panel did not say why Mr. Muste was not there when he introduced Steve Allen as his replacement. It was a noble act, that bravura of Muste's, and the audience would have found it so. In was an indication of the convocation's moral and intellectual weakness that it was not mentioned. An Army air force colonel wandered disconsolate among the peacemakers and in the evening after he had vowed to spend the rest of his days trying to get an amendment like the ninth amendment of the Japanese Constitution into our American Constitution—I thought that the gentlest of follies—Robert Hutchins received two checks for the Center

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for the Study of Democratic Institutions for over a million dollars. The ambiance of cash, large foundations, think centers, old age and prestige, all detached, all elegant, all prepared, was troubling. At four p.m., just as the convocation reached its end, Malcolm X, to escape his murderers, checked into Room 1206 of the Hilton. Whatever it was that set that cloud of pathos on my heart it was good to hear the notion of peace so well applauded.

PEACE AND REALITY

The "Tillichs" versus the "Paulings"

PETER STEINFELS

No conference can escape an atmosphere of unreality. This is a rule, an inexorable law; and the sooner the writer, the statesman, the scholar, the lawyer—whomever in fact the conference siren beckons—learns this law and resigns himself to it, the less will be the world's total of disappointment and exasperation. Men ordinarily have enough sense to avoid conferences; they are only forced to call and then to attend them by the most terrible pressures, and this very fact accounts for their air of unreality. The gap between the talk—civil, cerebral, seemingly endless—and the threat —brutal, total, immediate, demanding action—jars the sensibilities. The Senate debating while the barbarians were at the gates. If the conference be summoned to meet a threat such as that of nuclear devastation, so brutal, so total, so immediate as to loom beyond past experience into an unreality of its own, then the problem is doubled, nay, squared. The most such a gathering can do is struggle to hold the sense of unreality to a minimum.

The Convocation on *Pacem in Terris* tried bravely to do this. Participants in a preliminary conference to plan the Convocation insisted that the discussion should be practical and as specific as possible. One of them begged that the Convocation "not be too polite." Likewise in his opening remarks to the Convocation, Robert M. Hutchins declared that "this is no time for pious platitudes." Certainly it wasn't; but merely to use that phrase was to dance on the edge of the chasm one warned against.

The omen was bad, but unfortunately accurate. Nobel Peace Prize winner Linus Pauling declared himself in favor of the Golden Rule and the minimization of suffering. He said that man has evolved. He quoted Shakespeare. He recounted that scientists had conquered many diseases, and inferred that they would now do the same to war. He gave an absurd history of the events in Southeast Asia, implying that the U.S. had caused the war there, and called for negotiations. In short, his address was sincere, eloquent, impassioned, intellectually slovenly, and almost totally irrelevant It was applauded furiously.

Maybe the fault was at least partially in the encyclical. *Pacem in Terris,* and the Convocation, held that peace was more than the absence of war. Peace must have a content; and the encyclical outlines a whole array of goals which must go into the making of the peace. The protection of the rights of man, described in detail; equal respect for nations; economic development and redistribution of the world's wealth: disarmament; some overarching world authority; the replacement of a stalemate of fear with mutual trust.

That the goals coincide with one another is assumed. Each is a separate wall of the edifice of peace. Build them all and the roof can be put on.

The fallacy is plain. The goals which make up the peace do not necessarily coincide—at least not in the humanly controllable short run. Justice and the protection of man's rights have often been preserved only through armament. Even non-violent efforts to protect man's rights may hinder such goals as economic development. One right may pull against another. The drive for equal respect for nations may conflict with the establishment of a world authority. The economic development of one area may retard that of another, or may inspire fear rather than trust. The making of the peace means more than defining and supporting worthwhile goals. It means resolving conflicts between goals, balancing effects, assigning priorities. It means making hard decisions.

Strangely enough, a warning against ignoring these thorny and problematic facts of power and policy had already been voiced, by the convocation's first speaker of the morning, who had in fact preceded Pauling to the rostrum: the theologian Paul Tillich. Speaking slowly, his German accent imparting a sort of sprung-rhythm power to his words, Tillich did not hesitate to criticize the papal message. He pointed out that while the encyclical based itself upon the "acknowledgment of the dignity of every man as a person," a principle common to all streams of Western thought, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Humanist, there nonetheless remain "large cultural groups, some of them shaped by thousands of years of different religious tradition, in which the principle of the dignity of the individual is not ultimate."

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Tillich went on to consider the problems of resistance "against those who violate the dignity of the individual." Such resistance is unquestionably justified, he said, but it can easily lead to the cruelest of revolutions and wars. "There are situations," he continued, "in which resistance without armed violence is possible; but even then, destructive consequences are hardly avoidable, be it through psychological, through economic or through sociological forms of compulsion. And there are situations in which nothing short of war can defend or establish the dignity of the person. Nothing is more indicative of the tragic aspect of life than the unavoidable injustice in the struggle for justice."

Tillich questioned the encyclical's failure to discuss the role of power in relation to force and to justice. He warned against too facile a transfer of moral judgments from the level of individuals to that of political groups. Comparing the Pope's appeal to "men of *good* will" with his own belief in "the ambiguity of man's moral nature," he asked the convocation to "distinguish genuine hope from utopian expectations." "We cannot close our eyes any longer to the fact that every gain produced, e.g., by scientific and technical progress, implies a loss; and that every good achieved in history, is accompanied by a shadow." Nevertheless, Tillich saw solid grounds for hope in the search for peace.

Tillich's address was as careful and unrelenting as his manner of speech. He had refused to traffic in platitudes, and to sacrifice hard sayings for politeness. But his speech was received perfunctorily, with proper respect for the reputation which had pronounced it. Many were confused by all of his complications and doubts (how the talk could be misconstrued was demonstrated when an intelligent man like Walter Millis tried to summarize it for the evening's round-table discussion); and they were obviously relieved when Pauling took the rostrum and told them what they had come to hear.

The pattern continued: the Tillichs versus the Paulings, with the cheers to the latter. It was not a question of the hackneyed realist-idealist dichotomy in the "hawks" versus "doves" game. No, what was at stake was a sense of the complexity of things, of the world's resistance to human plans, of the irrationality deep in man himself, and of the cross-purposes at which even man's best efforts so often unfold. George Kennan, a pro whose career has demonstrated the meaninglessness of the hawk-dove categories, described an approach to European detente which made its premises clear, which recognized the margin of fallibility surrounding all foreign policy, and which was historically precise. A series of important world leaders—Paul-Henri Spaak, a *Pravda* editor, Madame Pandit, Pietro Nenni, and U Thant — gave formal addresses strategically scheduled after the heavy lunches. Other distinguished statesmen, and scholars made statements on international law, the role of the non-aligned powers, and the terms of coexistence. Almost no one said the unexpected.

The round-table discussions trod the same path. The first night's featured a discussion of international police forces and the Congo problem which momentarily threatened to be factual. Herman Kahn tried to say some sensible things; but, obviously having been cast by the panel for the Strangelove role, he backed off quickly. Dagmar Wilson proposed womanhood as a replacement for nationhood. H. Stuart Hughes asked Paul Tillich what determined the morality of intervention. Tillich replied: the will of the people in the region involved; the U.S., he said, should remain in or withdraw from Vietnam according to the wishes of the South Vietnamese. The obvious question: how do you determine their wishes? Elmo Roper made a joke about public opinion surveys. Nobody pressed the issue.

"They're Going to Disagree!"

The second day's round-table was better. Various participants had begun to complain about too many generalities (though this complaint, too, soon began to sound somewhat general). If Harold Stassen insisted on making speeches, Abram Chayes compensated with a disturbing analysis of what he called a serious defeat for world law: the U.S. "softening" on the question of Russia's U.N. debt. Bayard Rustin declared that "in a time of revolution, you have to act revolutionarily" and when Paul Ramsey challenged Rustin's eloquent formulations as remote from any workable *political* categories, a genuine confrontation appeared in the offing. But, in effect, John Cogley neatly deflected it. In a working paper written in preparation for the Convocation, Cogley had warned against a "bath of peaceful sentiment and amorphous good will." Now, he told a joke and spoke of the "mood" of the encyclical.

Before the third day's round-table, a Convocation official stage-whispered to a friend, "They're going to disagree!" Was she merely predicting? Or had she some inside knowledge of how the discussions were arranged? At any rate, she was right. Eugene Burdick (*Ugly American* and *Fail-Safe*) set the discussion spinning with a suggestion that anthropology demonstrated man to be a naturally warlike creature to whom peace is an alien and unnatural state of affairs. The sentiments were unpopular with the audience and one old lady choked on her lifesaver; but the ensuing conversation was lively. The psychiatrist Jerome Frank re-defined the search for peace as the discovering of "how to make the world safe for conflict." George Shuster and Fred Warner Neal argued the German problem. Senator McCarthy raised eyebrows by stating that large defense expenditures were *not* important as causes for Congressional objections to foreign aid programs. For the first time it became clear that different men and groups hold different values and place different priorities on the values held in common. *Real* problems and *real* differences are at the core of international relations, and not only the misunderstandings and miscalculations which proper definitions and clear procedures can resolve. In the genuine confrontations of the last discussion, a bit of the reality of the outside world crept back into the convocation.

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A Protestant Viewpoint

ECUMENICAL ESCALATION

ROBERT MC AFEE BROWN

The conclusion of the third session of the Council was, as I suggested in my last column, a matter of some perturbation to non-Catholics. Believing that the ecumenical dialogue has reached the stage where such perturbations should be voiced as clearly as possibly, I tried to suggest reasons for Protestant disquiet. But in addition to voicing reactions to the way councils conclude, it is also important to voice reactions to the work the Council has concluded, and many initial concerns about the temporary setbacks Vatican II has experienced can be allayed by an examination of the solid work the Council fathers have completed. One of the most important of these completed documents is, of course, *De Oecumenismo* (On Ecumenism), the schema prepared under the leadership of the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity, and promulgated by an overwhelming majority of the Council fathers on the last day of session three.

To the degree that *De Oecumenismo* sets the stage for forthcoming ecumenical forays, we can count upon the future's being considerably brighter than would have seemed possible on that black day in November when the bottom seemed to be falling out of the Council. Although the document has been promulgated by Pope Paul and the Council fathers, I think it important to look upon it primarily as an *interim* document. That is to say, it is by no means the final word on ecumenism as the Catholic church is coming to understand it; it is only a preliminary word. As much it is a bolder preliminary word than many non-Catholics had dared hope for, but that very fact makes quite realistic the hope that it will lead to a level of ecumenical exchange that will in turn render the document obsolete within a few years and make necessary the production of a new one. (To compare, for example, the texts of *Mortalium Animos* of 1928, the *Instruction of the Holy Office* of 1949, and the decree *De Oecumenismo* of 1964, is to see how rapidly the atmosphere has changed.) When one recognizes, in other words, that the council has officially endorsed points of view that were not even being publicly discussed when the council first convened, is to realize how rapid is the rate of escalation in things ecumenical.

Indeed, the promulgated document represents an advance, at a number of crucial points, even over the document that was initially presented for discussion only a year earlier. The council fathers, in other words, wanted more from the Secretariat for Christian Unity than that body had originally dared ask of them, and they not only wanted more but got more. And when we have episcopal ecumenical escalation, we have a most remarkable situation.

ROBERT MC AFEE BROWN, *Professor of Religion at Stanford University, contributes a regular column to these pages. He is the author of* OBSERVER IN ROME *(Doubleday).*

A Significant Gain

A number of examples of this rapid advance are worth noting:

1. One of the encouraging advances over the earlier schema is the acknowledgement that all of us—Catholic and Protestant alike—bear responsibility for the scandal of division. Such an acknowledgement was apparently contained in early drafts prepared by the Secretariat for Christian Unity, but was removed before the published text was distributed at the second session, the feeling being that the Council fathers were not yet ready for such strong meat, and that it would be unwise to jeopardize the entire document by incorporating in it a stance openly critical of past actions of the Church. The theme was recovered, however, by the famous remarks of Pope Paul in his allocution at the beginning of the second session, asking the pardon of God and the separated brethren for any sins of which the Catholic church might have been guilty in bringing about division, and going on to grant the forgiveness of the church for wrongs enacted against it. This made it possible for bishop after bishop, in the course of the second session, to underline the plea that the revised document contain an acknowledgement that the fault was not simply on one side.

At a number of places this theme is reiterated. There is, for example, a reference in Chapter I to "serious dissensions," as a result of which "quite large Communities became separated from full communion with the Catholic Church—for which, often enough, men of both sides were to blame." (para. 3) Should it be objected that this statement makes no mention of the church as such but only of individuals within the church, a later statement is suitably forthright:

"Christ summons the Church, as she goes her pilgrim way, to that continual reformation of which she always has need, in so far as she is an institution of men here on earth. Consequently, if, in various times and circumstances, there have been deficiencies in moral conduct or in church discipline, or even in the way that church teach-

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ing has been formulated—to be carefully distinguished from the deposit of faith itself—these should be set right at the opportune moment and in the proper way." (para. 6)

Most notably of all, in the next paragraph the theme of mutual confession and mutual forgiveness, so clearly enunciated by Pope Paul, is enshrined within the decree:

"St. John has testified: 'If we say we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us.' (1 John 1:10) This holds good for sins against unity. Thus, in humble prayer, we beg pardon of God and of our separated brethren, just as we forgive them that trespass against us." (para. 7)

Why should this be so important to the Protestant? It is important, I think, because in this particular area the Catholic Church has given the impression, to outsiders at least, of a kind of "triumphalism" that has been unwilling publicly to acknowledge the existence of any spot or wrinkle within the empirical church. Official utterances have often seemed to communicate a static concept of a perfect institution, unwilling to acknowledge any imperfection within itself—a concept so in contrast to the themes of the pilgrim church, the servant church and the penitent church, that the new decree incarnates. The Protestant had thus had the feeling that he was being approached as the totally guilty partner in a past transaction, and that he was being asked to repent of sins his ancestors were presumed to have committed, while the Catholic was expected complacently to accept the fact that at last the wicked Protestants had seen the light and were crawling penitently home. To the Catholic that may sound exaggerated and even harsh. I stress it simply to point out by contrast what a totally different atmosphere breathes through the new decree.

Indeed, that a conciliar decree can on a number of occasions employ the very word *reformatio* (so long considered a kind of dirty word in Catholic circles) is a telling symbol of the new situation.

More Than Semantics

2. A second important advance over the earlier version of the decree is the almost universal designation of Protestant groups as "churches and ecclesial communities." The early version of the text described the "churches of the East," and the "communities of the sixteenth century disruption" of the West, employing the term *communitates* in a purely sociological sense. Needless to say, this distinction seemed to those of us of the "sixteenth century disruption" somewhat invidious in character, as though we were to be understood solely as individuals upon whom, somehow, somewhere, some grace had fallen, but whose *corporate* life as Christians had nothing of the Holy Spirit about it. There were notable interventions on the Council floor asking that the "ecclesial reality" of Protestant corporate life be recognized, just as there were some voices insisting that from Catholic presuppositions no such descriptive concession could be made. (I remember, furthermore, one *peritus* saying to me that if the term "ecclesial communities" alone were adopted, it was going to make ecumenical conversation mighty awkward back home, viz: "Are you going to your ecclesial community this morning?")

I think one must report that the promulgated decree goes a long way (further, indeed, than I had expected the Council would feel able to go at this time) toward acknowledging that the Holy Spirit works *through* our Protestant "churches and ecclesial communities" and not just *in spite of* them. God gives His gifts, the decree seems willing to acknowledge, to the separated brethren in their corporate ecclesial life, and not just in their individual encounters with God. As the Introduction states, non-Catholics invoke the Triune God and confess Jesus Christ "not merely as individuals but also as members of the corporate groups in which they have heard the Gospel, and which each regards as his Church and indeed, God's." This does not, of course, commit the Venerable Fathers to saying that our churches *are* God's, but it at least recognizes that that is how we look upon them.

The matter is made clearer, however, in Chapter I. It is acknowledged that those who have been properly baptized "are brought into a certain, though imperfect, communion with the Catholic Church," and that many of the most significant elements that give life to the Church "can exist outside the visible boundaries of the Catholic Church." More than this, our non-Catholic liturgical actions are described in such a way that "these most certainly can truly engender a life of grace, and, one must say, can aptly give access to the communion of salvation." It is important to note that this description includes both baptism and the eucharistic meal, whereas the original draft made reference only to baptism.

From all of this, "It follows that the separated Churches and Communities as such [one of the few instances in the decree where the adjective "ecclesial" is not included], though we believe they suffer from defects already mentioned, have been by no means deprived of significance and importance in the mystery of salvation. For the Spirit of Christ has not refrained from using them as means of salvation." (para. 3) The important advance is the recognition that the Spirit has not refrained from using the *communal* life of the separated brethren as a means of salvation.

Now to be sure, the moment all this is said, it must immediately be recorded that the use of the term "churches and ecclesial communities" is equivocal and, I am sure, deliberately so. It is not made clear, for example, which groups are "churches," which groups are "ecclesial communities," and which groups, perhaps, are still only "communities." An intervention by Archbishop (now Cardinal) Heenan would seem to suggest that not too much theological significance should be read into the decision to employ ecclesial, rather than sociological, terms to describe the separated brethren. Nevertheless, this emphasis in the document is the beginning of a new estimate, and breaks,

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one hopes forever, with the long-dominant attitude that Protestantism is purely a phenomenon of religious individualism. When one remembers how recently it was that no admission of any genuine "ecclesial reality" in Protestant bodies was being formally acknowledged by the Catholic Church, one sees what a significant corner has been turned.

Specific Guidance

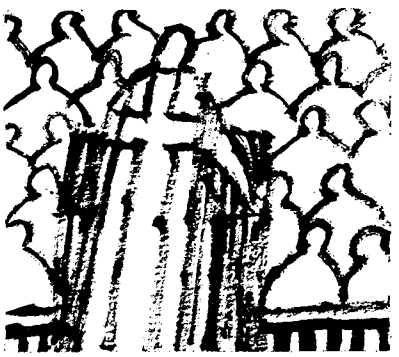
3. Although the document is mainly concerned with broad guidelines for ecumenical thought and conduct, it still has a considerable number of specifics. There is promise of a handbook from the Secretariat for Christian Unity that will spell out further suggestions, but even in advance of that there is much direct guidance for local Catholic and Protestant groups. Always recognizing, as the decree makes clear, that such activity is under the supervision of the local episcopal authority (with the interesting proviso that a Bishops' Conference or the Holy See could rule otherwise), specific encouragement is given for three kinds of activity: common dialogue, common worship and common action.

The dialogue is not to be a subtle instrument of conversion, but a way for different groups to come to a better understanding of the faith of one another. In it, attempts must be made to avoid harshness of judgment and stereotype of position: "We must get to know the outlook of our separated brethren . . . Most valuable for this purpose are meetings of the two sides . . . From such dialogue will emerge still more clearly what the situation of the Catholic Church really is. In this way, too, we will better understand the outlook of our separated brethren." (para. 9) It is acknowledged that the prelude to such ecumenical activity is reform and renewal, and that this is the first gift to be brought to subsequent exchange.

In both the first and second chapters of the document reference is made to *communicatio in sacris* (common worship): "In certain special circumstances, such as in prayer services 'for unity' and during ecumenical gatherings, it is allowable, indeed, desirable, that Catholics should join in prayer with their separated brethren." (para. 8)

The permission for a degree of common worship is stated in very guarded terms, but the important thing to note is that doors are opened here that have been firmly shut for centuries. I have a feeling, indeed, that this provision may prove to be far more important than anyone has yet recognized, and that common prayer may turn out to be the most important impetus of ecumenical escalation. We have been praying *for* one another for some time. Now we can begin to pray *with* one another. And when that really begins to happen, more and more persons are going to be even more deeply dismayed by the scandal of disunion than they were before.

Common action for the civic good is also enjoined. "These Communions engage in that more intensive cooperation in carrying out any duties for the common good of humanity which are demanded by every Christian conscience." (para. 4) In the second chapter, it is stated that "Cooperation among Christians vividly expressed that bond which already unites them, and it sets in clearer relief the features of Christ the Servant. Such co-operation, which has already begun in many countries, should be developed more and more. . . ." (para. 12) The decree goes on to spell this out in very specific terms.



4. One cannot properly conclude an appraisal of the document without noting the very proper warning against a "false irenicism" (para. 11) which is described as totally "foreign to the spirit of ecumenism." The theme is not elaborated, but it is an important one to underline. Nothing will be gained in the ecumenical encounter by pretending that serious differences no longer exist, or that they can be overcome simply by an extra spurt of good will. The manifestly "open" tone of the document must not be interpreted by Protestants (or even by "liberal" Catholics) as though doctrinal concessions were in the offing, or as though ecumenical relations could now proceed by ecclesiastical compromise. Nobody in Rome is waiting for the World Council to make a counter offer: "We'll accept Mary if you'll give up infallibility. . . ."

In this realistic spirit, then, one can point to two remaining problems that grow out of the document.

One of these involves the need for further clarification about the degree of "ecclesial reality" that can honestly be granted by the Roman Catholic Church to the churches of the separated brethren. The decree calls for dialogue "where each can treat with the other on an equal footing" (para. 9), and yet as other portions of the decree make clear, the Catholic Church cannot, without being false to her understanding of herself, grant more than a minimal "ecclesial reality" to those outside her visible fold: "It is through Christ's Catholic Church alone, which is the all-embracing means of salvation, that the fullness of the means of salvation can be obtained." (para. 3)

The other problem raised by the schema has to do with the lurking specter that the real aim of ecumenism is to induce non-Catholics to "return" to the Catholic Church. The decree avoids such imagery with remarkable consistency, but it will still leave many non-Catholics wondering whether, in fact, such an image can ever fail to be present in Catholic ecumenical thinking. The decree, for example,

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discusses the overcoming of obstacles to perfect ecclesiastical communion so that "all Christians will be gathered, in a common celebration of the Eucharist, into the unity of the one and only Church, which Christ bestowed on His Church from the beginning. This unity, we believe, subsists in the Catholic Church as something she can never lose. . . ." (para. 4)

That such questions as these will not, however, inhibit ecumenical escalation is evident from a recent action of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches, meeting at Enugu, Nigeria, in late January. The Committee authorized the establishment of a "working group," composed of eight members of the World Council of Churches and six members of the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity, to carry on discussion and establish areas of ecumenical co-operation in the years ahead. It proposes consideration of the following: (a) practical collaboration in the fields of philanthropy, social and international affairs; (b) theological study programs which have a special bearing on ecumenical relations, e.g. faith and order; (c) problems which cause tensions between churches, such as mixed marriages, religious liberty, and proselytism; and (d) common concerns with regard to the life and mission of the Church, such as laity and missions.

While it is important, of course, that ecumenism now proceed more and more at the "grassroots" level, it is equally important that discussion continue between "policy-determining" groups such as those mentioned above. That *De Oecumenismo* has already enhanced fresh activity on both levels is a matter for deep satisfaction.

JANET FISCALINI

NIGHT-DRIVING IN THE MIDWEST

After the shine, the backhand shadows.
You drop into sleep
as a glass drops in a field of glass.
The car follows the single stripe,
gutter-singing. You turn
too late—
translucence brightens translucence,
edges vanish in a blind burn,
all travelling trenchance.

Waking is coming back from exile,
finding one's house unburnt, unspoiled,
not even looted. Now mile on mile
of alterable air and earth—
the parts' fragility
will startle you when you wake.
We are far, still, from the city,
far enough from the train bringing
apples and ice, a few letters
a few hours will not alter.

THE NATURAL

THE STAGE

P. G. Wodehouse once said that golf is an easy game until you learn that it's supposed to be difficult. Bill Naughton's plays are beginning to give me the same feeling. Nobody has told Mr. Naughton to keep his elbow straight and his hips fluid, or whatever it is that they tell young playwrights; nobody has told him that the stage is full of bunkers and sand-traps. He just hits the ball: and what he doesn't know doesn't seem to harm him.

There is a splendid absence of tension, as old Bill wails away with his walking stick and shambles around the course, humming to himself: you don't get many great shots this way, but considering that our Billy has never 'ad a lesson . . . I'm sure that Mr. Naughton is not as artless as all that, but on Broadway, where hypertension is as easy as breathing, and where even the casualness is jumpy, such looseness is a most beguiling trick. Half the charm of Naughton's latest, "All in Good Time," is its sheer lack of intensity, either artistic or commercial; no critic or backer seems to breathe on its neck; if the author was thinking box office or immortality, it doesn't show in his play.

Another, more technical reason for this relaxed atmosphere is that "All in Good Time" is about lower-class people, and not lower-middle class people. This is a distinction more of attitude than of means. These people have opted out of tension so far as it is humanly possible to; they are not going anywhere, socially or vocationally. Characteristically, they tend to shy away from climaxes, having neither the energy (or the self-importance) for tragedy, nor the leisure or imagination for pure comedy. They remind one most strongly of the characters on English seaside postcards—the little husband peeping roguishly into the girls' bathing huts, the massive wife tapping him on the shoulder—simple, vulgar, essentially innocent people.

The story of "All in Good Time" is an extended postcard joke, too. A young married couple is obliged to live with the groom's parents; groom finds himself too nervous to consummate marriage; story gets out, everyone tries to help, groom gets more nervous—a sad situation, but humor is harsh in the industrial North of England, and anyway compassion is outside the range of the postcard-people. The hero's eventual recovery is occasioned by rage turning to laughter, not by the Broadway route of self-pity turning to self-analysis.

It is awful to contemplate for a moment what the average Broadway playwright would have done with this theme. As a comedy, it would be terrible—prurient, arch, knowing; as a tragedy it would be worse. As a comedy, it would contain at least one precocious child plus a salacious grandmother

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and two perverted uncles; as a tragedy, it would play up the hero's sensitiveness, his hatred of his father, his campy relations with his mother, would become, in short, the 3,000th installment of the homosexual problem-play that has been running on Broadway ever since the war.

None of this for old Bill (the fact that he is called Bill and not William says a lot about Naughton's approach). His hero is at odds with his father—about as much as most people are, no more no less. (He also likes the old man, up to a point.) He's a sensitive fellow all right, and he reads books—but he doesn't plan to be a writer; he plans to be a policeman.

This resolute playing down of things may seem like irritating sensationalism on Mr. Naughton's part. But his value (insofar as so apparently aimless a writer can have this kind of value), is to remind us that there is a middle-level of sensitiveness. There has been too much goody and baddy thinking in this area; the young writer writing about his past always seems to have escaped from a burning pit, a cultural wasteland. By a biological freak, all the sensitiveness in the neighborhood always seems to have landed on him. (And his mother.)

But there are some sensitive people who do not become writers at all; and all of the people are sensitive some of the time; and this is true on every point of the social scale. The sensitive young man who wants to join the police, not as a gesture but as a serious profession, who likes the Emperor Concerto but probably not the later quartets, who has in all things good but not complicated taste, is Naughton's province—and right now, Naughton has it pretty much to himself.

You can't play a great game this way. It may be true that for most people real life is neither tragic nor comic, but both and neither, depending on the weather and whether their corns hurt—but the theater has still to capture the peak moments, purify them of corns and weather, and intensify them into a single dominant mood, if it is to do all that the theater is capable of doing.

That having been said, it is refreshing to come across at least one playwright who could not care less one way or the other. (*At the Royale*) WILFRID SHEED

JIM AND JOE

THE SCREEN

It is doubtful if producers will ever be convinced that all is not grist for the movie mill. Again and again they rush in and make films of famous or popular books or plays, and only when the films are finished do their makers realize that the source was quite unsuitable for the cinema medium—and the result is neither fish nor

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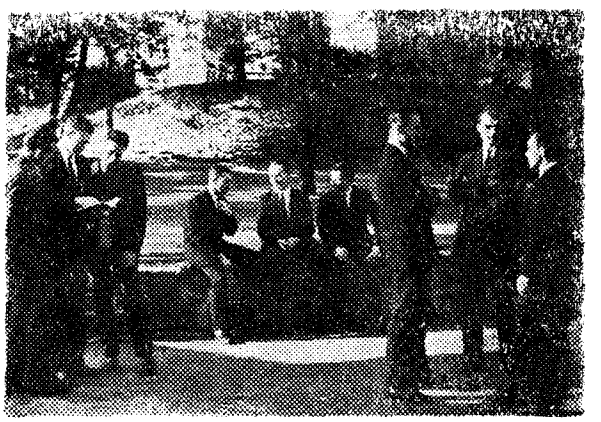

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fowl. Such is the case with the elaborately produced "Lord Jim." Joseph Conrad's stories have never worked out well in movies; perhaps the best was Carol Reed's version of "Outcast of the Islands." But most of Conrad is too complicated and psychologically based for a visual medium; and his most complicated psychological study is *Lord Jim.* Director Richard Brooks is indeed no fool, as he has indicated by such recent films as "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "Elmer Gantry," and "Sweet Bird of Youth." And he did not "rush in" with his "Lord Jim" project; he spent years preparing for the film, and he obviously respects Joseph Conrad and "Jim," but respect isn't enough.

It is not just because he made changes when Brooks wrote the screenplay from the novel that "Lord Jim" misses. Some changes don't matter. But some of this script's changes were unnecessary and some are inconsistent. The role of the cruel and vicious General, played by Eli Wallach as a vague Eurasian who is terrorizing and enslaving the Malayan natives, seems to be a combination of two Conrad characters: Rajah Allang and Sherif Ali. Just what this General has in mind is not entirely clear in the film, but he does provide the enemy against whom Jim leads the people of Patusan and proves himself a hero, the Tuan Jim, the Lord Jim adored by the natives. A much more serious change from the novel is what Brooks did with Marlow, the narrator, commentator of Jim's story. In the original, Marlow first meets Jim at the inquiry-trial that follows Jim's panicky desertion of his ship that seems to be sinking with all its passengers. In the movie, Marlow first sees Jim as a cadet so promising that Marlow takes him on his own ship; he becomes interested in the youth, comments on his career, discusses Jim's act of cowardice, and his lost-soul wanderings afterward. For a while I was afraid that Jack Hawkins, who plays Marlow, was just going to read aloud the whole Conrad novel. But then the movie drops Marlow entirely, Jim meets Stein, the wise, old trader beautifully played by Paul Lukas, who sends him on a dangerous mission to Patusan where Jim fights to gain his self-respect—and perhaps finally does through his self-sacrifice. But we don't have Marlow around to interpret for us any more.

In the title role, Peter O'Toole looks just right: he's the handsome, blond, clean-limbed young man Conrad was writing about. But what O'Toole doesn't do is capture the depths of this romantic dreamer who is driven by his one public disgrace and the fear of the demon of fear within him. Marlow and the other characters in the book describe Jim. In the movie, we have only the surface—and even that gets awfully talky at times.

"Lord Jim" is an extraordinarily handsome movie, filmed in color on location in Hong Kong and Cambodia. No expense was spared in the beautiful shots that even include scenes of the ruins of Ankor Wat. And the cast, with its hundreds of milling Cambodian extras, is quite impressive. So are pretty Daliah Lavi as The Girl (called Jewel in the novel) and good-looking Ichizo Itami as Waris, the chieftain's son whose murder leads to Jim's sacrifice. The villains (James Mason as Gentleman Brown, Curt Jurgens as Cornelius, Akim Tamiroff as Schomberg) are properly dirty, deceitful and evil. And the scenes in which Jim leads the Patusans against that awful General are done on a grand and exciting scale. If all this sounds as though you are in for an old-fashioned spectacular adventure film, you're right; and perhaps if it is accepted as such, you may like this "Lord Jim."

But Conrad's Lord Jim, the white man's hope, the flawed gem, the superior man who disgraced himself and fled to the hinterlands to find himself and redeem himself, is something else again. Perhaps it could have been done in cinema—in the style of thoughtful films like "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" or "Sundays and Cybele." This "Lord Jim" is mainly an adventure yarn, albeit a very pretty one.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

On the Snares of Mariology

Mary, Mother of the Redemption

E. SCHILLEBEECKX, O. P.

Sheed and Ward, $3.95

GEORGE H. TAVARD

The appearance of any new book on mariology should raise the question, was this book necessary? Our age has suffered from mariological inflation. We have marian congresses and mariological societies, marian publications, sodalities and even a Marian Library, whereas we have no ecclesiological congresses, societies or libraries. And at the end of the third Council session, the use of a Marian title by Paul VI caused more comment (pro and con) than the more important events of the session. This overemphasis on mariological questions seems to be disproportionate, not indeed to the place of Mary in the mystery of the Incarnation, but to the wider analogy of faith without which the function and meaning of Mary cannot be assessed in all its dimensions. Because of this, I approach the task of reviewing another book on mariology with mixed feelings.

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This particular volume adds to my perplexity.

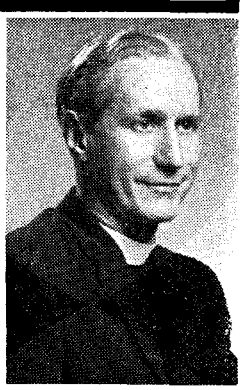
In the first place, its author, Father Schillebeeckx, is considered by many American Catholics, who have a knack of oversimplifying problems and of replacing principles with persons, as one of the stars of the reforming movement in the Church. Coming after the recent American publication of a mariological volume by Karl Rahner (*Mary, the Mother of the Lord*), this book reflects an apparently widespread concern to determine the exact place of Mary and of Marian devotion in "new look" Catholicism. While this concern is legitimate, it is not free from the temptation of apologetics: "new look" theologians feel the need to justify themselves mariologically, and thus they hasten the mariological inflation. The only way to avoid this would seem to be that which the Council itself has followed: it has spoken of Mary in the context of the "mystery of Christ and the Church," but has published no document on her alone.

In the second place, the title, which corresponds to the main topic of the volume, focuses attention on "co-redemption." Although this concept may be given a satisfactory explanation, it shares the overstress of so-called maximalism on Mary's participation in Redemption. The essential problem of mariology, as I understand it, is to see Mary's participation in all the mysteries of Christ, which cannot be done apart from a contemplation of Christ Himself. Yet contemporary theology, which has shown no particular interest in researches on the mystery of Redemption, has acquired a one-sided concern for the place of Mary in God's plan of Redemption. How can we investigate this place, while we know so little of the soteriological or redemptive implications of the Incarnation? In this matter, mariologists, assuming that our knowledge of the Redemption is now sufficient to allow us to perceive the exact redemptive function of Mary, have proceeded, I believe, much too fast.

However that may be, Schillebeeckx begins with a study of the scriptural image of Mary. This will be instructive for many readers, although I feel that it does not sufficiently consider the sort of exegesis which treats the Gospel of the infancy of Christ as a literary and theological construction rather than as the record of strictly historical events. For instance, the ascribing of the *Magnificat* to Mary herself, while it cannot be disproved, is far from proven: this beautiful psalm could also have been authored by the evangelist or even borrowed from the hymns of the primitive Christian communities. In the first case, it is a hymn said by Mary about herself; in the second, it would be a hymn said by St. Luke about her, or even by the Church about the Church.

"Mary's place in the history of Redemption,"—the longest section of the book—may be qualified, in general, as a piece of "Christo-typical" rather than "Ecclesio-typical" mariology. There cannot be an absolute distinction between these two kinds of mariological reflections. Yet the distinction was clear enough to be mentioned in the Council itself by the reporter on the Chapter on Mary in the Constitution *De Ecclesia:* the Council did not wish to decide between these tendencies and tried to incorporate both of them into its text. Their basis lies in the analogy of faith. Since a correspondence obtains between all the mysteries of Revelation, what is known of one may throw light on another. In this case, what we know of Christ throws light on Mary. This goes very well, until we reach the point where the analogy between Christ and Mary breaks down, which is bound to happen much sooner than the breaking point of the analogy between two creatures, in this case, the Church and Mary. Schillebeeckx pursues the analogy into the mystery of Redemption. This is a delicate procedure, since the mystery of Redemption, as the work of the Word-made-flesh, is certainly one of the areas where the analogy must give way.

"Mary's place in the plan of salvation" broadens the horizon and tries to show how Mary's receptive function in Redemption associates her to all the progress of salvation-history. In this



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area mariologists are especially tempted to let their imagination run away with them. Schillebeeckx successfully avoids this temptation most of the time. Yet he falls into it when he tells us: "When Christian missionaries come to a hitherto unknown missionary territory, they find that Mary has already been there for a long time . . . and is only waiting for the priests who will follow her and bring about the miracle of Cana in Christ's name."

It is above all in the last part—"Our vital responses to Mary our Mother"—that the mariologist in Schillebeeckx has choked the theologian. His treatment of "the seven apparitions of Mary in modern times" is disappointing. It would be legitimate to try to find the theological qualification of the apparitions at Rue du Bac (1830), La Salette (1846), Lourdes (1858), Pontmain (1871), Fatima (1917), Beauraing (1932), Banneux (1933), only if apparitions in general had already been given a theological note. Schillebeeckx finds this note in the category of the "charismatic," and the meaning of these seven apparitions in that "God is aware that we are going through especially difficult times . . . "—as if doubtful apparitions could be effective reminders of God's protection, and as if each century had not been, in its own way, full of difficult times. The only proper theological attitude to private revelations and visions is, I believe, that of St. John of the Cross, who, eminently charismatic as he was, advises us to flee prudently from revelations and visions, for "visions and words coming from God, although they are always true in themselves, are not always certain in their relation to us."

Schillebeeckx ends with a praise of the family rosary that could be acceptable from the preacher of a parish mission, but the exaggeration of which is patent: "The family rosary enables the family to become a saving community in microscosm . . . " Whenever a family becomes a saving community, this is due to the sacrament of matrimony.

O admirable Virgin Mary, deliver us from mariology!

Country Without Maps

JEAN GARRIGUE

Macmillan, $3.95

No Voyage

MARY OLIVER

Houghton Mifflin, $3.50

The Changes

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE

Alan Swallow, $3.75

Seven Occasions

HOLLIS SUMMERS

Rutgers, $3.75

CAROL JOHNSON

At a moment and in a genre where hysteria seems the only accredited expression of engagement and neurasthenic self-pity is widely interpreted as a sense of humor, it is a reassuring pleasure to come upon four poets practicing otherwise.

Max Jacob once told a schoolboy who aspired to poetry: *"Donc soyez d'abord perméable, c'est à dire sérieux."* Jean Garrigue, surely one of our finest poets, is *perméable* and serious in the happiest sense. Her fifth book, *Country Without Maps*, brims with experiences fully met and richly articulated. Her forms are never constricting and her freedoms are never symptoms of collapse. Her "Cortege For Colette" is a minor masterpiece; her "Pays Perdu" makes of an afternoon in Provence a truly "commodious harmony." A meditation on Dürer, A French country circus, the conquest of Peru, an intimation of love's mortality, a Baudelairean "When shall we set sail for happiness": the wealth that is here is that of an authentic sensibility, an unstinting style.

But let me not, standing
outside these gardens,
These oblong gardens, behind
the closed gates,
Where only some sliver of water
sighs,
Spilling over and over into its pool,
Where under the yellow light
of the lamps
Only a cat walks, it is late
for the arcades
Out of the gardens to keep
their own life,
And for low doors opening
into mossed courts,
Let me not, to the diminished
perspectives
Hovered with ivy where an urn sits,
declare
That a part of the world
having gone back into itself,
A meaning is thereby lost,
The disappearance of which
torments us,
For it was not subtle but gross.

The only living poet who shares something of her quiet Renaissance imagination is, I think, F. T. Prince.

Mary Oliver's *No Voyage* is a book which, to paraphrase from the title poem, makes peace with the facts. It is a most affirmative accommodation. For there is no vanity, no pretentiousness and no false sense of urgency about its transactions with the truths of nature and of consciousness. In the moderation of her stanzas there is residual strength, and in her simplicity the discretion of a mature mind. In her "Stark County," "The Crossing," "Swans on the River Ayr," "How I Went Truant" and others, I discern an especially Keatsian disposition in respect both to her matter and her craft.

In Ayr I linger on the
cobbled bridge
And watch the birds. I will not
tamper with them,
These ailing spirits clipped to live
in cities
Whom we have tamed and made
as sad as geese.
All swans are only relics
of those birds
Who sail the tideless waters of the
mind;
Who traveled once the
waters of the earth
Infecting dreams, helping the child
to grow;
And who for ages, seeing witless man
Deck the rocks with gifts
to make them mild,

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Sense the disaster
to their uncaught lives,
And streamed shoreward like a white
armada
With heads reared back to strike
and wings like knives.

Wherewith I recommend this young poet's work to all who are willing to believe that the Romantic tradition is not bankrupt. Like Leonie Adams, Miss Oliver has intuited "of human speech,/ Its possible magic and its indelible weight."

Mr. Morse and Mr. Summers are both academic poets, each having an ingratiatingly unprofessorial presence. They share as well an unregrettable clarity, doubtless hard-earned in the practice of their professions. Mr. Morse's *The Changes* is a quite sizable collection. I should like to quote here in full "The Bestiary," one of his successes, on the theory that a single completely expressed poem may speak more cogently for a volume than a congerie of snippets pieced out for a lecture tour.

As one translator says, nobody knows
Who saw the island first
that was a whale,
Nor why the weasel stalks
the basilisk—
But every book sets forth
some thankless tale

To tempt us out of what we
understand
As if invention, terrible and true,
Could save us from ourselves.
We see the world
Caging its roaring symbols in a zoo,
But cannot give them more than
common names:
The feral tiger rages at the air;
The hedgehog, petty in his fury, rolls
Away from love or danger
anywhere. . . .

We watch the fish in wonder,
and the birds.
But Pliny saw bird, beast,
and fish in man,
Like Physiologus, whose book
remains
His own true image,
though his wit outran

His observation; and the monk
who drew
The scribe who made this Christian
book could see
A universal order he could name
As beautiful as God, to set him free.

Mr. Summers is an occasional poet who knows he is an occasional poet and tells us so in his title, though his book is as handsomely designed as any seer could wish. Alas, there is less wit and grace in it than one is led to hope for. There are failures in tone, unaccountable flatnesses. Like any man of humor, Mr. Summers, I guess, would readily admit how many of his better lines came from the Sears and Roebuck catalogue or the National Seashore Recreational Area signs ("Do not Disturb;/ Please leave the wreck for others to enjoy"). Even a well-told joke must have an heuristic quality. There is no getting around the fact that poems begin in language. If none of these four poets offends our intelligence, only two have sensibilities so accommodated to words as to make us forget that they are anything other than poets.

After The Stranger: Imaginary Dialogues with Camus

HAYDEN CARRUTH

Macmillan, $4.95

J. S. RUBENSTEIN

In one of the most common of all literary fantasies the day-dreamer becomes personally involved in some complex and satisfying way with a favorite writer. Keats the sensitive plant was in good measure the product of Amy Lowell's imaginings; and the coeds' Dylan Thomas is probably a very different person from either Caitlin's or John Malcolm Brinnin's. Dante took care of Virgil by getting him a job as tour guide. In Hayden Carruth's vision, Albert Camus was a hopeless bore.

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ress, from vegetable to playboy (complete with bunny and sports car), of an improbably rich and uninterestingly mad American painter. For years Aspen had been a virtual hermit in the attic-studio of his family's suburban home. Except for "a sort of maid, [who] brought him his meals when he pushed a button" and a sort of psychiatrist, he spoke with no one. "He had enjoyed a moderate success some years ago, but now no longer exhibited his work, which consisted of hundreds of paintings and drawings of the same stone. Not a large stone; a small stone, perhaps nine inches by five; loaf-shaped, smooth, gray with streakings of white; he had painted it large and small, crudely and carefully, abstractly and concretely, and, in short, had investigated the possibilities of the stone so thoroughly that he knew they, like his boredom, would never be exhausted." For diversion he would read the Sears Roebuck catalogue, *Partisan Review*, the New York *Times*, and other serious contemporary literature; at suitably Gothic hours of the night he prowled the neighborhood streets.

Early in the Spring one year, Aspen's near-autism was jolted by two events: his first reading of Camus' *The Stranger* and a feeling of transcendent terror and rage touched off during one of his nightly walks by a gust of wind and the laughter of a beautiful woman standing with her escort beside a convertible. Somehow he discerns a connection between his vaguely mystic experience and Meursault's seemingly pointless crime; somehow, he feels, only Camus can help him out of the slough in which he had for so long wallowed. Without more preparation than to pack "his stone and his kit" and to stuff some barbiturates in his coat pockets, he boards "a jet transport privately chartered at immense cost" and, mysteriously, is flown directly to The Great Man.

The very rich are indeed different from other people, and so Camus is represented as calling, in the first instance, on Aspen. A kindly man, he responds to Aspen's sophomoric questions and declamations with hardly a trace of condescension. As the dialogue wears on—annotated at Talmudic length by interspersed fragments of Aspen's diary—it even becomes apparent that Camus doesn't mind at all, that he has developed a fondness for the American.

Although Carruth deftly insinuates the idea with Camus' first utterance that is put before the reader ("You are still ill at ease?"), it is nevertheless shocking when one realizes, all of a sudden, that Camus is supposed to be as great a bore as Aspen. On and on, over and over they are made to explore the nature of Meursault's crime and to expatiate upon absurdity and upon the kinds and desirability of revolt. Their diction is a parody of undergraduate termpaperese. The reader is led with cruel logic to the conclusion that Camus was a dolt whom only a boring madman could take seriously.

Carruth goes on from there to make, in his fictional essay, the further point that Camus' writing is as dull as Camus is shown to be. To do this he sets Aspen and Camus on a trip to the Riviera to visit two figures from Camus' novels, an Algerian nationalist and a prostitute. Apart from a stock phrase here and there in which one speaks of Algeria and the other of whoring, the diction is unrelieved Aspen-Camus. The gag is compounded when the improbable painter and the fictional prostitute discover their love for one another. "If absurdity bears against love as against life, then a marriage which is a self-sustaining revolt will be a self-sustaining marriage," declares Aspen in one of the most sublimely silly proposals in all literature.

Only at rare moments, unfortunately, does Carruth allow himself the release of this kind of broad burlesque. Most of the way his humor is absolutely deadpan. The manner is so patently solemn that only towards the very end of the book did it strike me that the author might be engaged in satire. This may be attributed to the unusual fidelity with which the cerebrations of the very dull are depicted. As in the cabmen's shelter scene in *Ulysses*, there is over-literal representation of soporific material: in both cases the reader is hard put to it to stay awake.

This small criticism could very well be unjust. At one point Camus demonstrates to Aspen the flabbiness of Stuart Gilbert's English translation of *The Stranger;* Carruth's book also reads like a bad translation. Astonishment, for example, is denoted by quotation marks around a dash; and a distinguished writer is made to say things like "horse-piddle" and "for the love of Mike." The text is marred with bewildering sentences like this description of a skiing accident: "As long as his progress was unimpeded, he attained a somewhat higher rate of acceleration than he had expected, but at the end of fifty yards the toe of his left ski snagged in a juniper, and he went down, vertiginously." On the menu for New Year's Eve dinner is "ham cooked in the American manner"—an obvious mistranslation of that Breton delicacy, *jambon à l'armoricaine*. Maybe all that is needed is another, more capable English rendition.

The Men who Tried to Kill Hitler

ROGER MANVELL & HEINRICH FRAENKEL

Coward-McCann, $4.95

Germans against Hitler

TERENCE PRITTIE

Little, Brown, $5.75

GREGOR ROY

On July 20th, 1944, a bomb exploded in Adolf Hitler's "Wolf's Lair" headquarters at Rastenburg, East Prussia. Although the planned assassination of the Fuhrer was a failure, it stands in many respects not only as a symbol of a brilliantly executed though abortive *coup* against Nazism, but also, in a much wider sense, as an emblem of man's spiritual revolt against tyranny. The grandeur of such rebellion dwells often not in its success, but in the tragic reality of its failure; its ultimate victory, in Camus' words, is that "it keeps us always erect in the savage, formless movement of history."

Yet professional historians often seem myopic in the face of such intangible

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vistas – their emotional perspective is stifled by a chastity belt of fact. A. J. P. Taylor, in his *Course of German History*, for example, adopts an almost supercilious attitude to the anti-Nazi conspiracy culminating in the "Wolf's Lair" explosion, which has been interpreted so often as an attempted, post-Stalingrad, officers' *putsch* undertaken by an aristocratic clique because Germany was so obviously beaten.

To expunge this cynical myth and to jolt one's thinking into more expansive areas of perception, these two books should be studied in conjunction. *The Men Who Tried To Kill Hitler* deals more with the hour by hour minutiae of the conspiracy: *Germans Against Hitler* traces the whole history of the anti-Nazi movement within Germany from 1933 up to the planting of the Rastenburg bomb. Though approached from different angles, both books zero in on the same ineluctable conclusions: the bomb fuse was lit, not in 1944, but in 1933, and the echo of its explosion resounds throughout historical, ethical and spiritual zones which demand our scrutiny and exploration.

In well honed and lucid prose, Terence Prittie outlines the main trends of the resistance movement leading up to the conspiracy of 1944. The details of the conspiracy are treated in at times overwhelming detail by Manvell and Fraenkel. The former book reveals that the tone of the opposition from 1933 onward was mainly conservative, while its structure was amorphous–and it was so because the German mood prior to 1933 had led inevitably to some form of unified radical extremism.

The Nazi party had burgeoned from the rotting corpse of Weimar and the festering sore of Versailles. Intellectuals like Beck and Goerdeler saw that their mission was to rebuild Germany upon an oligarchical and lofty-principled ethos. Moltke and Yorck formed the Kreisau Circle, where the possibilities of a Christian constitution were hotly debated. Dissension in the army led to unfulfilled plans for a *putsch* in 1938, the year in which Churchill's portentous growls were smothered by the finical squeaks of Chamberlain.

While Germany's cannon-fodder was being nurtured in the euphoric Hitler Youth movement, a few students formed the "White Rose" organization in a gallant but futile attempt to awaken their contemporaries to the mounting horror of Nazism. Various Communist groups sprang up to counteract vicious political oppression by the Gestapo and the SS. Cardinal Archbishop von Galen, the "Lion of Muenster," called Nazism "an assault on God Himself." Pastor Niemoeller formed a league of anti-Nazi ministers. Social Democrats in exile, led by Willy Brandt, did sterling work in the fight against Hitlerism. The Chief of Staff on the Russian Front, von Tresckow, was adamant in his opposition to the Nazi cult. The theologian, Bonhoeffer, proved a magnificent

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spiritual lion in the fray. But if all these pockets of resistance were put together, they would have formed only a tiny enclave within the vast barbed-wire cordon of history's most monstrous tyranny.

By 1943 a plot to assassinate Hitler, called "Operation Valkyrie," was devised as being the sole means of salvaging Germany's honor. All that was needed was a leader. This leader was found in the person of the colorful and elegant Count Stauffenberg, an uncommon amalgam of ultramontane Catholicity, medieval gallantry, and Teutonic élan. His planning was brilliant, but the attempt failed, and by 1945, most of the men even remotely connected with the conspiracy had been put to death, in many cases by unspeakable tortures.

Why did it fail? Why did the whole resistance movement fail? Was there moral justification for assassination in the first place? Ironically enough, I think that in one sense, part of the answer to these questions can be found in something screamed by the fiendish judge Freisler, who conducted the "Bloody Assize" following the attempted killing of Hitler: "Only in one respect does National Socialism resemble Christianity: we demand the whole man." The Nazis *had* the whole man—not only that, but they had almost the whole German nation. Christianity had but a handful of martyrs; for far too many German Christians, the Cross had twisted edges. Moreover, there was at no time complete agreement among the resisters as to political policy or religious interpretation. To Moltke, for example, Christianity meant simply "thou shalt not kill"; Bonhoeffer, on the other hand, claimed one *could* sin immediately while perpetrating an act ultimately pleasing to God; Goerdeler felt man had been totally deserted by God, and must act in a spirit akin to Chesterton's "cosmic patriotism"; Stauffenberg spent a long time praying in a Catholic Church before placing the bomb at Hitler's feet.

The anomaly is, of course, that all these conspirators were in a very real sense failures and traitors: the only loyalty they displayed was to their conscience: the only success they had was in dying. Some historians have even doubted their motives, and have claimed that many were tempted into treason, not because they believed Nazism to be evil, but with selfish or politically expedient ends in view. When Eliot said, "The last temptation is the greatest treason:/ To do the right deed for the wrong reason" he perhaps summed up what those historians mean. Yet the reader leaves these two books with a sense of the meaningful mystery behind Christian suffering: the authors have shown powerfully, and movingly at times, that the treachery of these men was of a noble stamp, and that their failure bears the indelible signature of triumph.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 775*)

ministration, to the fact that he is not "exceptionally competent" and to Georgetown's refusal to grant tenure to any but "exceptional men" is inaccurate. Very few individuals could spend much time as students at Georgetown without realizing that the faculty—fine though it is on the whole—has many tenured members who are not as competent as Dr. Kearns and some who could, by no stretch of the imagination, be designated "exceptional" teachers.

A poll of English teachers was conducted by a committee of Georgetown's Walsh Area Student Council shortly after Mr. Leo had researched his article. The poll found that there were three specialists in American literature, Dr. Kearns' particular field, on the faculty, but that by this September the number of such specialists in the English Department will be reduced to one. In light of this fact, what the University administration meant in maintaining that this discipline is "adequately staffed" is rather hard to understand. The investigating committee also uncovered a good deal of information relevant to the question of Dr. Kearns' competence, but the University administration refused to even read its report.

The University administration's consistent refusal to reconsider Dr. Kearns' case has been matched only by its continued refusal to give any positive reason for dismissing him. Admittedly, under normal circumstances, the University shouldn't be compelled to justify its faculty hiring and firing decisions, but the Kearns' case is hardly a normal one. Aside from the rather dubious statement given to Mr. Leo alleging Dr. Kearns' lack of exceptional competence, the only declaration the administration has seen fit to make in reference to the termination of Dr. Kearns' contract has been a denial that the *Commonweal* and the *Ramparts* articles have had anything to do with it. To state the case mildly, the University's silence in such a serious matter casts considerable doubt on the validity of its action.

The administration's bitterness about Dr. Kearns' action in taking his case outside the "University family" by breaking the story of his dismissal to the Washington *Post* is both unwarranted and ironic. The steadfast refusal of the University administration to reconsider Dr. Kearns' status despite the faculty and student reports in his favor clearly indicates that there was nothing within the "University family" to which to direct an appeal. Once the decision to fire Dr. Kearns was made, the case was irrevocably closed and the basis for the decision, arbitrary or not, was quickly swept under the executive carpet.

We believe that Dr. Kearns was dismissed for writing the articles; no other grounds seem plausible. We deplore this infringement, not only because Dr. Kearns' individual rights were violated, but because it has a deleterious effect on the University's attempt to reach the status of a "great" center of thought and learning, status which, as the Kearns case evidences, it has not yet reached.

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